

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright 1890, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



A THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.

Mr. Wildwest: I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT THIS CONTINUAL PRESENCE OF A CHAPERONE IS A REFLECTION ON MY CHARACTER.

Miss Two Seasons: O, NONSENSE! IT'S LOTS MORE FUN THIS WAY. OUT WEST YOU ARE ON YOUR HONOR, WHILE HERE YOU SHIFT THE ENTIRE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR CONDUCT UPON THE CHAPERONE; SHE'LL BE ASLEEP IN A MOMENT.



~C. G. Gunther's Sons~ ~Furs~

Jackets, Wraps, Coats and Mantles.
Shoulder Capes, Pelerines, Cravattes.
Choice and exclusive designs - Moderate prices.
- 184 Fifth Avenue, New York -

HOLLANDERS

BOSTON.

NEW YORK.

Our new establishment occupying the entire building,

No. 290 FIFTH AVENUE.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Dresses, Mantles, Tailor-made Garments and Millinery for all occasions. Entirely exclusive and original designs and materials for taking orders.

Boys' and Children's Clothing and general outfitting. Infants' Wardrobes.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for fifty years has been used by mothers for their Children while Teething. It soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea 25c. a Bottle.

**Crosse & Blackwell's
FRESH FRUIT JAMS**

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

OUR CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT.

PREMIERE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE

A superb article; the standard of purity and excellence.

The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and other Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.
15 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED
WITH
SPECIAL LIFE INK
MANUFACTURED BY THE
**W. D. WILSON PRINTING
INK CO., LTD. 140 WILLIAM ST.
N. Y. Send for Special Prices and Discounts.**

Solid Silver
EXCLUSIVELY.



WHITING M'F'G CO
SILVERSMITHS,

Union Square & 16th St.,
NEW YORK.

Have prepared and are now exhibiting largest variety of articles and lowest priced novelties suitable for

HOLIDAY GIFTS

ever shown.

Goods selected now will be held and delivered when desired.





OR, WHY WE DON'T MARRY.

YOUR foot is the tiniest that trips, love,
Thro' the maddening maze of the waltz ;
Two blossoming buds are your lips, love,
Your eyes say your heart is not false.

Your hands are so dainty and white, love,
Your figure so wondrously fine,
That I'm tempted almost, but not quite, love,
To say, I adore you !—be mine !

But no ! there's a frightening fear, love,
That will not allow me to speak.
You're spending three thousand a year, love ;
I'm making twelve dollars a week.

William Barclay Dunham.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

MRS. BOB TAYL: Bob, what did you mean by talking in your sleep last night about chips and three of a kind ?

B. TAYL: Why, we'd been playing poker at the club all the evening.

PROOF.

"GENESEO is a Democratic town."
"I think not."

"I know it is. It has fallen off so in population, according to Mr. Porter's figures."

NOT EXACTLY A PASTIME.

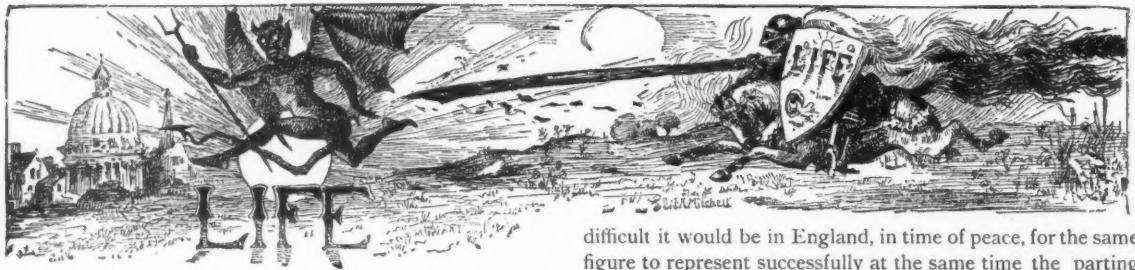
BELLOWS: Does your daughter play on the piano ?
OLD FARMER (*in tones of deep disgust*): No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it, and rolls over on it, but there's no play about it, sir.

INFRA DIG—A spade.



A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

Anna Matilda (*who has just made a purchase*): IF IT LIKES COCOANUT CANDY, AN' SMELLS IT IN MY POCKET, I AM LOST !



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER 11, 1890. No. 415.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV. and XV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

ADVOCATES of the theory that the Seventh Commandment is intended, like many contemporary institutions, for the exclusive use of women, must have had a rude shock in noting the recent experiences of Mr. Parnell. That a man may be negligent in his observance of that injunction, and still be useful in a very high degree, and in very high station, to his fellows, is as easy of historical demonstration as the supplementary proposition that the nicest regard for it is not inconsistent with mischievous and disastrous political activity. If, even for the last century, the public services of all Englishmen and Americans had ceased at a time when they were detected in the infringement of the domestic arrangements of other men, a good many distinguished exploits which have been regarded as highly advantageous to the human race would not have been achieved.

Man is a curious agglomeration of soul and body, and, in spite of the centuries of judicious training the spiritual side of him has had, his earthly predilections continue fractious and persistent. It is perfectly possible for him to combine intellectual qualities of the highest values, and creditable political, or even spiritual aspirations, with too warm a regard for another man's wife. Many good people believe that a man whose morals are defective is bad all through. Sometimes he is, but very often he is not. He may be brave, generous and kind, and even honorable and unselfish in most of his relations with his fellow-men, and yet be possessed of turbulent and unruly affections. The fact that Mr. Parnell had figured as a guilty co-respondent in a divorce case was a very melancholy circumstance, and vastly to be regretted by his friends, and the friends of Ireland. But it was not in itself sufficient to cut him off from all hope of political usefulness, if he could only have realized the situation and accepted it. The integrity of the family is a much more serious matter to the majority of English speaking people than the future of Ireland, and Mr. Parnell should have recognized how

difficult it would be in England, in time of peace, for the same figure to represent successfully at the same time the parting of England and Ireland, and the parting of man and wife. Home rule is a great principle with many ramifications. The man who denied it to Captain O'Shea should not have expected to be patiently heard as a representative statesman demanding it for Ireland. The only reasonable course for the uncrowned king was prompt abdication, and, in view of his conduct and its possible results, it is easier to forgive him his sin than his obstinacy,

* * *

SOCIETY is a queer creature. It will wink at almost any sin as long as the sinner makes a reasonable pretence of concealing it. It is not uncharitable—with *men*, but when misconduct becomes matter of record, it sometimes feels obliged to act, or abandon its own rather flimsy pretence of virtue.

* * *

THERE is just one phase of the Parnell matter in which LIFE can find a grain of solace. It is glad all the punishment has not fallen on the woman. That Mrs. O'Shea should have been socially wrecked, while Mr. Parnell suffered no appreciable detriment, might have accorded well enough with common sense, but it would have been sadly defective in poetical justice. That Mrs. O'Shea doubtless has now to suffer the burden of Mr. Parnell's humiliation in addition to her own does not alter the bearings of the case, but rather increases its didactic value.

They say that Captain O'Shea is a brute, and very likely that is so. That phase of the story the recording angel will probably note down with the other facts, but halting human justice, alas, can take no note of it.

* * *

A RESPECTABLE school of philosophers affect to doubt whether life under the most favorable circumstances—with the *mens sana* in the *corpore sano*—is worth living. That is a pretty subject for argument, with a good deal to be said on both sides. But Schopenhauer himself would not have denied that there are degrees of worthlessness, and that the soul is justified in being a good deal more restless in a tuberculous carcass than in a sound one. That Dr. Koch has caught an agent that disagrees with tubercles is news of importance enough to justify the sensation it has made. How far it is true remains still to be seen, but the fact that those conservative and skeptical gentlemen, the doctors of medicine, are thoroughly stirred up over Dr. Koch's discovery, warrants us of the laity in believing that there is a good deal in it.



CONSCIENTIOUS.

The Court: WOULD YOU BELIEVE THIS MAN ON OATH?
Faddy O'Rally: NOT ONLISS HE SWORE HE WOR LYIN', YER HONOR.



Groom (to bride, as they arrive at their first stopping place, after the ceremony): NOW, LAURA, DARLING, DON'L LET THESE PEOPLE KNOW WE HAVE JUST BEEN MARRIED.

RETURNED.

I PLACED on her sweet mouth a kiss
 As we stood 'neath the sycamore tree;
 My heart it ran over with bliss
 As she shyly returned it to me.
 I placed on her finger a ring,
 As we stood 'neath the sycamore tree;
 Now it's winter, and then it was spring—
 And she's also returned that to me.

J. W. W.

THE COMPLICATIONS OF A KODAK.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND (*who is the possessor of a Kodak and is showing a set of pictures to an English friend. One is of himself and wife in an extremely loving attitude*): Here is one, old man, I am proud of. I wouldn't part with it for worlds.

SIR HUGH (*bored, but anxious to say something*): Aw, yes! Very good of Mrs. Younghusband, but (*innocently*) who is the man?

AFTER JUSTICE.

LEADER OF LYNCHING PARTY (*down South*): We have come to lynch that prisoner you have in your charge. Deliver him up, or take the consequences.

SHERIFF: The only prisoner I have now is a white man who killed a nigger. The nigger who stole a chicken got away.

THE CROWD (*excitedly*): Which way did he go?



Clerk (as groom finishes registering): FRONT! SHOW THIS GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE NO. 49—BRIDAL CHAMBER. (*To porter*): TOM, TAKE THE GENTLEMAN'S HAT, AND BRUSH THE RICE FROM THE BRIM.



"YER LOOK BAD, JIM. BEEN UNDER THE WEATHER?"
 "SORTER. TO-DAY'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN OUT-ER-DOORS IN THREE MONTHS."
 "WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH YER?"
 "NOTHIN'; BUT THE JUDGE WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT."

AGAINST ANNEXATION.

HALIGONIAN (*addressing a political meeting*): Annex us to those flippant Americans, gentlemen, and what will be the future of Nova Scotia? Lost, annihilated, utterly merged in that vast flippancy.



THERE ARE MANY WELL-MEANING PARENTS WHO HAVE NOT THE HEART TO PUNISH THEIR CHILDREN. THIS INGENIOUS MACHINE HAS BEEN GOTTEN UP FOR THEIR BENEFIT. ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS TO LOCK THE CULPRIT ON THE TABLE AND LEAVE THE ROOM. THE MACHINE DOES THE REST. IT WILL GIVE ANY NUMBER OF STROKES TO THE MINUTE BY FIXING THE HAND ON THE DIAL.

BOOKSHINE

THEOLOGY OR HYSTERICS.

MARGARET DELAND came into reputation as a writer by a volume of verses with an exceedingly pretty cover ("The Old Garden"), and a theological novel, "John Ward, Preacher," which most unfairly assailed the creed of a powerful church, and floated into a kind of popularity on the plaudits of that church's enemies and in the wake of "Robert Elsmere."

What accident or circumstance could make popular her latest novel, "Sidney" (Houghton), it is difficult to surmise. It is dull, and filled with the doings and sayings of uncomfortable people. The chief personages in the story are a victim of the morphine habit supplemented with an irritating conscience; a flighty "maiden lady" who dies of pneumonia superinduced by a broken heart; an elderly scold and gossip; a young physician who watches the development in himself of heart disease; and, the heroine of it all, a young woman, *Sidney*, who believes that as Death is in the world and immortality is a comfortable delusion, the only way to cheat Death of its horrors is not to love. (That the novel is philosophical is proved by the capitalizing of Love and Death.)

* * *

OF COURSE, the acute reader foresees that the "theological motive" of the novel is to make *Sidney* fall in love with and marry the young doctor who is dying of heart disease, and—while she follows him through the slow stages of dissolution—to evolve from her Mind a mystical Theism which (when she finds herself a widow) enables her to exclaim: "I am a happy woman. Father, I wanted you to know that I was happy! It is joy, father! * * * He is dead, but he has lived. He is mine always. Oh, it is worth while—it is worth while; the past is ours, and all is—God!"

This may be considered theology or philosophy in some Boston "circles," but in the rest of the country they call it hysterics.

* * *

THE irony of it all is to put this assemblage of invalids and disagreeable people in an old Pennsylvania town. No doubt there are some very queer and interesting people in those old villages; but, for the most part, they are surpassingly sane and sensible. They are not given to reforming the world, or floating new theologies, or arriving at love and religion through the morphine habit or heart disease. They take their religion straight from John Calvin without dilution, and their medicine in the same heroic doses from the family physician. Of course, they know that Death is in the world, but they are confident that Mr. Calvin has made special arrangements to rob it of its terrors for the elect. So they love and live and prosper in their way, because they are "diligent in business, serving the Lord;" and they rear children whom they love and protect, and when, at last, they make their exit, it is with the dignity of those who have lived healthy, reasonable lives.

Mrs. Deland probably thinks that she has risen out of these delusions of her childhood, to something more advanced and intellectual. It is easy to do this in an age which is filled with the pride



AT PHILADELPHIA.

Miss Walcott: HERE COMES MR. BRONSTON BEHIND US. WHO IS HE, ANYWAY? WHY DOES HE NEVER ALLUDE TO HIS FAMILY?

Miss Spruce: WHY, HE NEVER HAD ANY! HE'S FROM NEW YORK.

of intellect. But really to live a well-poised, wholesome life, with proper consideration for yourself, and your neighbor, and your enemy, demands a sterner creed (or, what is truer, perhaps, better nerves) than is fostered by the hysterical imaginings of a self-satisfied young woman like *Sidney*.

Droch.

THE poet who "breathed a song into the air" established a precedent which might wisely be followed by many of our contemporary singers.



"THOU WRETCHED, RASH,
INTRUDING FOOL, FARE-
WELL."
—*Hamlet.*

BEHIND WITH HIS RENT.

EDITOR (*to Poet*):
What is your address?

POET: That depends on you.

EDITOR: How so?

POET: If you take this poem my address will remain 4894 East 942d Street; if you don't take it, I won't have any address.

DAYS, RARE AND DONE.

HARRY: Was it Longfellow who wrote "What is so rare as a day in June"?

EDITH: Oh, no; Longfellow wrote "The Day is Done."

A MILITARY BALL—A bullet.

"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LAUGH."

—English Proverb.



ONCE on a time it so befell,
Or so it is averred,
That in the utmost depths of hell
A merry laugh was heard.

Thereat for once the ghostly crew
Forgot their teeth to gnash,
And trembling asked each other who
In hell could be so rash.

Up rose the Prince with darkening brow,
And pointing with his staff,
Bade one stand forth and tell him how
In hell he came to laugh.

Then from the silent, ghostly throng
A voice was heard to break,
It had a British accent strong
And there was no mistake.

"Oh come! I say! upon my word
I *had* to laugh," he cried,
"I've caught the point of a joke I heard
Ten years before I died!"

O. Herford.

A REMARKABLE RESULT.

EDITOR OF THE *BAZOO*: Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins—both of them boys!

AN EAVESDROPPER—The icicle.

WHERE THE MUSE LINGERS.

MISS SIMPER: Where do you do your best work, Mr. Rondo? In the crowded city or on the rocky slope of some grand old mountain?

MR. RONDO: Oh, the country is all very well for such pastoral authors as Thoreau and Wordsworth; but the man who writes such epics as "Who Has Swiped My Silk Umbrella?" and "O'Reilly's Sunday Jag," finds his truest inspiration near the great throbbing heart of humanity.

HAVE THE CLASSICS GONE?

SHE: Is Mr. Johnson's engagement with that Boston girl broken off?

HE: Yes.

SHE: What was the cause?

HE: She quoted from Ovid in one of her letters, and Johnson telegraphed her for the cipher.

WITH APOLOGIES TO A CERTAIN FIRM—
The best of all dress linings is an honest woman!



THE EVILS OF POVERTY.

Small Boy (after a visit from his rich uncle): HOW MUCH IS THAT CANDY?

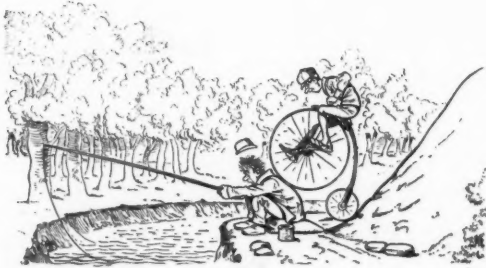
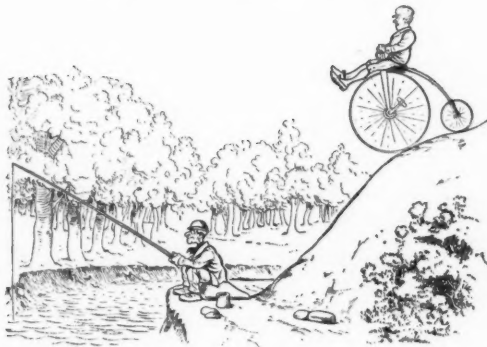
Confectioner: FIFTY CENTS A POUND.

Small Boy: HOW MUCH IS ALL IN THE CASE?

Confectioner: ALL? IT WOULD BE WORTH THIRTY OR FORTY DOLLARS.

Small Boy (gloomily): UNCLE ONLY GAVE ME TEN DOLLARS.

A SURPRISE FOR AN ANGLER.



NEW LIGHT ON HISTORY.

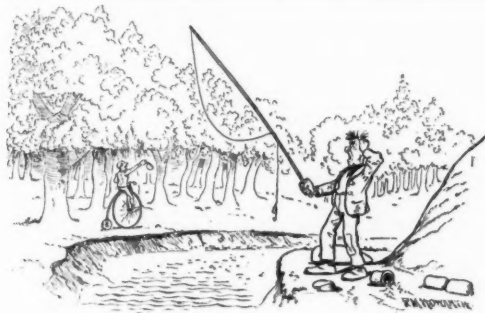
Teacher: WHO WAS THE FIRST MURDERER?

Son of Distinguished Lawyer: NOBODY KNOWS. IN THAT CAIN AND ABEL AFFAIR, CAIN HAD NO LAWYER TO DEFEND HIM, SO THE THING WENT BY DEFAULT, AND HE GOT CONVICTED.

WHERE WE DIFFER.

BOSTON is a very intelligent town in her own little way, but she has not yet learned to look upon New York as a model. Perfection will not be attained until this is done.

In the matter of public libraries, for instance, Boston shows every promise of soon completing the finest building for that purpose in the world. It is not only an exceptional specimen of architectural beauty, but is enormous in its dimensions, well lighted throughout, and most skillfully adapted to the requirements of a library. This building will hold over two million volumes. That is over two million volumes more than the New York public library contains. But books, after all, are unimportant. We may have no public library at present, but we are far ahead of Boston in the beauty of our bar-rooms; and, besides, we are not big enough yet to need such an institution. Why should a city of only seventeen hundred thousand inhabitants have a public library?





SOCIÉTÉ
THE FANCY DRESS THE AV



SOCIETIES.
PRESS THE AVERAGE HUSBAND.



POTTERY ON THE STAGE.

IT has been proposed to dramatize the McKinley Bill. On the face of it, this is not much more absurd than dramatizing the pottery business.

But Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has succeeded in doing this, and it is due to the realistic and other possibilities of the manufacture of pottery that "The Middleman" is a successful play.

Which induces the thought that it is a pity more of our American dramatists do not seize upon some of the homelier phases of American life for their material instead of abandoning the American subjects entirely to farce-comedy.

To be sure, there has been "Hazel Kirke," "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," and a few society plays.

As a rule, though, the American dramatist is never so much at home as when he is disporting himself several thousand miles from America—in the baronial halls of England, in French palaces, in the wilds of Siberia, or among the bandits of Corsica.

The Briton is cleverer.

He takes his own people with all their present, human interest, and makes a play of them.

Result—he makes money and fame in England, and then sells the American right to some Anglo-American manager



Boy (who has been caught playing ball on Sunday): SAY, MISTER COP (pointing to waves), THERE'S SOME SABBATH BREAKERS; WHY DON'T YOU STOP them?



"HARK! SOMEBODY IS PLAYING A DELIGHTFUL BIT FROM WAGNER."

"OH, THAT'S ONLY JAMES SHOVELING COAL INTO THE FURNACE."

like Mr. A. M. Palmer, who secures a company of English actors and plays the piece to American audiences.

The American audience wants human interest, as do all audiences.

In a play like "The Middleman" they find it, and to the financial profit of the English playwright and the English actor.

What American playwright, for instance, would think of taking a homely character like *Cyrus Blenkarn*, the old English potter, and by the art of the guild wreathing about him an ideality which makes him the hero of a play?

This *Cyrus Blenkarn* should be an easy type to find in this country of rapt and enthusiastic inventors.

Mr. Boucicault nearly approached it in *Jemmy Watt*, but Mr. Boucicault was not an American, and the character was made to fit Mr. Sol. Smith Russell.

The English dramatist has been fortunate in finding so capable an actor as Mr. E. S. Willard—accent on the last syllable, please—to impersonate *Cyrus*.

The seriousness and strength of the old man's character are well brought out by Mr. Willard. In the more intense passages his declamation lacks force, but ranting is so lamentably usual that he may be forgiven this, in remembering the quiet of his acting in other places, where a worse actor would be straining for effect.

Judging by his acting in this part, the only one he has done in America, Mr. Willard bids fair to stand very high, indeed, in his profession, particularly as he is now less than forty years of age.

Miss Marie Burroughs performs the part of *Cyrus's* daughter with excellent judgment; but as almost the entire interest is subservient to the star part, she has no great opportunity to distinguish herself. Mr. E. M. Bell is the only American among the male members of the cast, and acquits himself well in the little he has to do.

The setting of the piece is excellent, the scene in the pottery being realistic in the extreme.

Metcalf.

A USEFUL MAN.

EDITOR GREAT DAILY: I want a good, strong editorial on the tariff for to-morrow. I think you can write it.

NEW MAN (*promptly*): Yes, sir. Which side?

HE WILL GET THERE.

HENDRICKS (*strolling homeward with his friend after office hours*): There's no place like home; eh, Thompson?

THOMPSON (*a club man*): Yes—there's Purgatory.



SUITABLE.

Editor Religious Weekly: I WOULD LIKE A MOTTO FOR MY EDITORIAL ROOM.

Dealer: AH, YES; HOW WOULD THIS ONE DO?



EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE WITNESSED BY JONES THE OTHER NIGHT ON HIS RETURN HOME.

VANISHED JOYS.

CHAMPAGNE, cigars, the play, and such—
With these he'll no more carry on—
A thousand dollars isn't much,
He finds, to go and marry on.

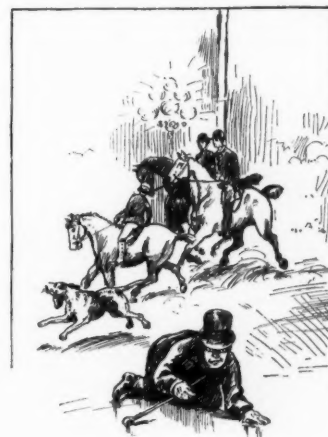
PERSONALLY APPLIED.

PARROTT: I believe in practising what you preach.
WIGGINS: Indeed! You must have great faith in my ideas, then.

IT IS, INDEED!

CORA: Yes, Hettie says that Jack made her a most impassioned declaration—actually threw himself at her feet—

DORA: Really? Refreshing change, isn't it, when one remembers how often she's thrown herself at his head!



THE FACTS IN THE CASE.



THE WIDOWER'S LAMENT.

I'M sorry my daughter's a girl;
Her sex only adds to my woes;
For though she's as fair as a pearl,
She can't wear her daddy's old clo'es.

—Harper's Bazar.

THEY stood before the Fra Angelico in the National Gallery, which is so crowded with rank after rank of angels and saints, all properly be-haloed, each in his own degree.

"For my part," one said, "I should think a halo would be dreadfully in the way, especially in a crowd."

"It must have something the same effect on those in the back rows," her companion answered, "as do the big hats in the theatre."

He had only carried her own idea a little farther, and yet she was just a trifle shocked by his words. It may have been that her exquisite feminine sense of devoutness took alarm at the mention of the theatre before a picture in which the heavenly choirs were thronging with so much sanctity. A faint film of gravity came over her face.

"They may be transparent," she said, hesitatingly.

She was a little troubled, but she could not by dropping the jesting tone of the talk run the risk of supposing that she disapproved of anything that he said. She was rewarded for her effort to appear as if she were pleased, for what he said in return was:

"Of course they are transparent, my dear, or you would have seen your own in the mirror long ago."

And then she flushed and smiled, and the whole beatific rows of aureoled angels did not represent joy more exalted than was hers.—*Boston Courier.*

"I dreamed of you last night," she said with a lingering glance.

"Did you, really?" he inquired eagerly.

"Yes; I always dream when I eat lobster and pie at night."—*Washington Post.*

"THAT man seemed very much pleased when you hinted he was an expert at poker."

"Yes."

"Does he know anything about the game?"

"Not a bit! He's a Baptist deacon, and can't tell one card from another."—*West Shore.*

DR. PILLSBURY: Well, Mr. Sceptic, did you follow my prescription?

SCEPTIC: No. If I had I would have broken my neck.

DR. PILLSBURY: Why, what do you mean?

SCEPTIC: I threw the prescription out the window.—*America.*

HODGMAN'S MACKINTOSHES
FOR Ladies & Gentlemen
Are unequalled for quality—fit and finish.
Samples, prices, and full information furnished on application to
HODGMAN'S RUBBER COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS,
Broadway, cor. Grand Street, and
21 West 23rd St., adj. 5th Ave. Hotel,
New York.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

❖ BUDD ❖
WEDDING OUTFITS

FOR GENTLEMEN.

DRESS SHIRTS,

GLOVES, TIES,

SCARFS, &c.

Correct & Exclusive Styles.

Madison Square,

NEW YORK.

LONDON:
8 King Edward St.PARIS OFFICE:
4 Rue D'Uzes.

A. JAECKEL,
FURRIER,
EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN FUR CAPES,
JACKETS AND LONG GARMENTS.



No. 11 East 19th Street,
Received the Grand Gold Medal
at the Paris Exposition,
1889.

Headquarters for Russian Sables.

The above cut, recently used by mistake in another
advertisement, is the property of Mr. A. Jaeckel.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

JOHN MASON,

246 FIFTH AVE.,

FORMERLY WITH

TIFFANY & CO.,

Invites inspection by sightseers as well as intending purchasers of his large and carefully Selected Stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Fancy Goods, Cut Glass Ware, Stationery, etc. Manufactured with view to the present season. Suitable for Holiday or Wedding Gifts, and offered at prices that will be found very reasonable.

Customers at a distance may have goods sent them on selection, upon receipt of satisfactory reference.

JOHN MASON,

246 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK.



DR. GROSVENOR'S
Bell-cap-sic
PLASTERS

Cure by Absorption, when all other porous plasters fail. Try one and be convinced of their sterling worth. 25c. at druggists.—Grosvenor & Richards, Boston.